

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

VOL. 1,

PLYMOUTH, IND., MAY 22, 1856.

NO. 28.

Business Directory.

Business Cards not exceeding three lines, inserted under this head, at \$1 per annum.
Persons advertising in the "Democrat" by the year, will be entitled to a Card in the Business Directory, without additional charge.

Marshall County Democrat

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

We have on hand an extensive assortment of **JOB TYPE**, and are prepared to execute

JOB AND FANCY PRINTING!

Of every description and quality, such as CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LABELS, CATALOGUES, FANFOLIOS, BLANK DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.

And in short, Blanks of every variety and description, on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

PLYMOUTH BANNER, BY W. J. BURNS, Plymouth, Ind.

BROWNLEE & SHIRLEY, DEALERS IN Dry Goods and Groceries, first door east of Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind.

BROOK & EVANS, DEALERS IN DRY Goods and Groceries, corner Michigan and La Porte streets, Plymouth, Ind.

C. PALMER, DEALER IN DRY GOODS & Groceries, south corner La Porte and Michigan streets, Plymouth, Ind.

N. H. OGLESBEE & Co., DEALERS IN Dry Goods and Groceries, Brick Store Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind.

MRS. DUNHAM, MILLINER & MANTUA Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

BROWN & BAXTER, DEALERS IN Groceries, Tinware, &c., Plymouth, Ind.

H. P. FISHING & Co., DEALERS IN Drugs and Medicines, Plymouth, Ind.

DAM VINNEDGE, WHOLESALE and Retail Grocer, Plymouth, Ind.

W. M. L. PIATT, MANUFACTURER OF Cabinet Ware, Plymouth, Ind.

S. LUTYER & FRANCIS, HOUSE CARPENTERS Joiners, Plymouth, Ind.

M. W. SMITH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, West side Michigan st., Plymouth, Ind.

ELLIOTT & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Wagons, Carriages & Plows, Plymouth, Ind.

MOLLINS & NICHOLS, MANUFACTURERS of Sash &c., Plymouth, Ind.

JOHN D. ARMSTRONG, BLACKSMITH, South side of the Bridge, Plymouth, Ind.

B. J. BENTS, BLACKSMITH, Plymouth, Ind.

A. K. BRIGGS, BLACKSMITH, Plymouth, Ind.

E. EDWARDS HOTEL, BY W. C. EDWARDS, Plymouth, Ind.

A. C. CAPRON, ATTORNEY & COIN- sider at Law, Plymouth, Ind.

CHAS. H. REEVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW & Notary Public, Plymouth, Ind.

H. ORACE CORBIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Plymouth, Ind.

SAMUEL R. CORBALEY, NOTARY PUBLIC, Plymouth, Ind.

D. BROWN, GENERAL LAND AGENT, Plymouth, Ind.

THEO. A. LEMON, PHYSICIAN, SUR- GEON & Druggist, Plymouth, Ind.

RUFUS BROWN, PHYSICIAN & SUR- GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

S. HIGGINBOTHAM, PHYSICIAN & SUR- GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

J. W. BENNETT, PHYSICIAN & SUR- GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

KLINGER & BRO. DEALERS IN LUMBE etc., Plymouth, Ind.

HENRY PIERCE, DEALER IN CLO- thing & Furnishing Goods, Plymouth, Ind.

AUSTIN FULLER, MANUFACTURER And dealer in Flour, Plymouth, Ind.

HENRY M. LOGAN & Co., DEALERS IN Lumber, &c., Plymouth, Ind.

JOSEPH POTTER, SADDLE & HARNESS Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

AMERICAN HOUSE, G. P. CHERRY & Son, Proprietors, Plymouth, Ind.

BARBERING AND HAIRDRESSING, BY Alfred Billows, Plymouth, Ind.

MITCHELL & WILCOX, MANUFACTURERS of Plows, &c., Plymouth, Ind.

WESTERVELT & HEWIT, DEALERS in Dry Goods & Groceries, Plymouth, Ind.

G. S. CLEVELAND, DEALER IN DRY Goods, Hardware, etc., Plymouth, Ind.

J. H. CASE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Plymouth, Ind.

A. HUGS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Plymouth, Ind.

SALOON, BY S. EDWARDS, Plymouth, Ind.

R. J. J. VINALL, HOMOEOPATHIST, Office over Palmer's store, Plymouth, Ind.

J. HUME, HARNESS MAKER, Plymouth, Ind.

BLANK DEEDS AND MORTGAGES!

We now have a good supply of Blank Deeds and Mortgages, of an approved form—printed in the first style of the art, on fine white folio post, and for sale at one dollar per quire, or five cents single.

Also, BLANK NOTES ON HAND, and printed to order on short notice. Justices blanks printed to order, and on reasonable terms at This Office.

FUR! FUR! FUR!

The highest cash price paid for Prime Mink and Coon skins by

J. P. VAN VALKENBURGH, At the Post Office

The highest market price paid in Cash for Deer Mink and Coon skins, and Best hides at

C. Palmer

Selected Poetry.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY LORD BYRON.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall,
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
And thousand cups of gold,
In Jesh's deen'd divine,
Jehovah's vessels hold
The goddess heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And had no more repose;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mark our royal birth."

Chaldean's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Unread and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw the writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophets in view;
He read it on that night,
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy, the stone,
The Mole is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE YANKEE AND DUELIST.

At a certain town on the Ohio, a Yankee and a Duelist happened in the year 1830, to be boarders at the same tavern. The Yankee was a shrewd man, as Yankees generally are, but nevertheless, honest, good-natured, peaceable, and without a fond of a joke; but even when joking he was accustomed to maintain a grave and even dry countenance, as if his face were made of wood. His age might be twenty-eight—he was by profession a school master, and his name was Jedediah Bateman.

I know not whence the duelist came. He seems to have been lurking for a number of years about the village, on the frontier, living by his wits as card player and land speculator. He was proud, overbearing, and malicious; had been doubly arrogant and assuming since he had been victorious in no less than three duels. Once he had crippled, twice he had killed his man; making, by these "exploits," two widows, and five children fatherless. Such was his fame as a duelist, that it was thought to be little less than suicide for a man not perfectly expert with the pistol to meet him in the "field of honor," as this sort of murderers call the place where they shoot one another.

In dress and manners he was a fop and a swaggoner. His red bushy whiskers almost met on his chin; his shirt ruffles were long and projecting; his cravat was stuffed with padding until it almost buried his chin; and his bell-crowned hat was tilted over his left eye-brow when he walked, or rather strutted along the street, swinging and plumping down his cane at every step; and whosoever he went, he overlooked everybody, and expected the way to be cleared for him by high and low. He considered himself justified in lordling it over all who were about him, because he was the most formidable man in town.

If any peaceful, worthy man did not cover at his presence, he was sure to resent the supposed indignity by sneers and insults. Many were the pompous gibes and bombastic witticisms that he discharged from day to day at the school master, Jedediah Bateman, who did not humble himself like a dog before the high and mighty Maj. Dashedown Bickerton, as the duelist styled himself. He said he had borne a Major's commission in the army, and boasted of his exploits in Gen. Wayne's expedition against the Indians. Some people doubted whether he had been in that expedition at all, because he gave some erroneous accounts of marches and battles—but they doubted only at heart, for who dare insinuate the suspicion of falsehood to the Major's terrible self; the Major's tongue might err, but his pistol was nevertheless true. Who would have thought that our dry-faced school master would, first of all, have the hardihood to retort the sneers and insults of this hero of the pistol! He bore several of these attacks with the utmost composure. Not a muscle of his face changed its habitual fixity; not a drop more or less blood colored his cheek; neither word nor look indicated the slightest feeling of the bully's satire. He charged the artillery of his wit with still heavier loads of turpentine phrases, to express his contempt for the school master. Still the Yankee winced

not, he only began, with the soberest and most unfeeling gravity to utter some repartees, as dry and grating as the sands of Arabia, yet so perfectly free from open insult as to increase the duelist's pride without furnishing him a pretext to take offense. But the natural malignity of his temper was so embittered by the school master's mortifying indifference and icy wit that he began to insult him outrageously on all occasions, with the obvious intention of provoking a deadly quarrel with him. Still the Yankee persevered in his imperturbable coolness and replied only by jokes and sarcasms of more stony and indigestible hardness. The bully's rage became unbounded, and the Yankee's friends saw that the affair would soon come to personal violence. But their kind endeavors were in vain to persuade Jedediah to soothe the bully's rage.

"If you mortify his pride any further," said they, "he will assault you, and you will have to let him beat you with his cane or shoot you with his pistol."

"I shall let him do neither, I guess," said the Yankee.

"How will you prevent him?"

"You will see when the time comes," was the final reply.

In the evening, at supper, the duelist as usual began to utter something designed to provoke the Yankee. At first Jedediah gave no heed. To make the attack more direct, the bully proceeded to, as he had often done, and as fops and adleptates mostly do, to express his contempt for school masters or pedagogues, as he, and other fops used to call them. Seeing that Jedediah still paid no attention, he addressed him superciliously in these words:

"Come Sir Pedagogue, you are silent; be so condescending as to illustrate your profession by informing us how many ideas you have bestowed into the posteriors of your boys, to-day?"

"Not one, Sir," said Jedediah—"the boys do not carry their ideas in their posteriors, however they may have done in your boyish days."

"The deuce, you say so, Mr. Pedagogue? Why do you apply your birchen instrument with such impetuosity to that inferior part of their corporeal system? Come, your philosophical reasons, Mr. Pedagogue."

"You shall be satisfied, sir. I apply the birch to that part because it is the base of the human system; all the baser elements settle down into it, such as sloth, pride, malice, insolence, ill manners and whatever else may tend to make a man proud without virtue; boastful without merit; pompous without dignity; and quarrelsome without reason. Therefore, I apply the remedy to the base, in order to expel such baseness from his seat in the system."

The bully was so completely foiled that for some moments he showed his rage only by his fierce looks. Then setting his arms akimbo, he said: "You are a cowardly pedagogue to attack your boys in that cowardly manner. I never knew a pedagogue who was not a tyrant among his children, and a—infamous coward among men." He interlarded his speech with one of the oaths commonly used by bullies and blackguards; adding these words—"I had a pedagogue in my battalion during the campaign of '95 against the Indians, and the coward ran away in every battle, till I had him drummed out of the army—the paltoont."

"You said the campaign of '96—ain't you mistaken in the date?" asked Bateman with cool gravity.

"Yes, Sir Pedagogue, I said the campaign of '96, under Wayne. I mistake no date, sir, your pedagogical pusillanimity disqualifies you for the funeration of historical correction."

"Wayne's expedition against the Indians was over, and peace was made before '96," said Bateman dryly, as he sat nearly opposite to Bickerton, stirring a copious mixture of butter and molasses and mush or hasty pudding, which was to be his supper.

"You are a—liar, you—pedagogue!" roared out the bully; "what do you know of Wayne's campaign? Stick to your ferule and spelling-book, and leave military affairs to gentlemen—they are exterior to your province."

"Boys learn history in these days," said Bateman, as he rose from the table, and took down a volume from the mantle-piece. After turning over a few leaves he resumed his seat and said: "Here is an epitome of American history brought down to the year 1821." He then read a short paragraph which confirmed his assertion, when handing the book towards Bickerton, he said, "That's what boys learn sir. Would you like to see it in the book, Major?"

"No, you are a—fool, and an insolent liar, I tell you."

"One mark of a fool," said Bateman, as dryly as ever, "is to fly into a passion, and call names about a trifle, and one mark of a liar is to persevere in a false assertion in the face of evidence to the contrary."

The Yankee had no sooner spoken these words, stirring his mush all the while, than the enraged bully lifted the case knife in his hand and flung it violently at Bateman's head.

The Yankee, though seemingly intent upon his mush, which he had now thoroughly imbued with molasses and butter, kept watch, however, with the corner of his eye, and dodged the knife as it flew whizzing past his head. At the same time, dropping his spoon, he slipped his palm under his plate, and adroitly dashed it, mush foremost, plump into the duelist's face. The center of the reeking mass struck his nose, which, operating as a wedge, caused the clammy supper of the Yankee to spread itself with accommodating facility over the whole fiery visage of the duelist, and stop up every hollow in said visage—eyes and ears not excepted. A considerable quantity became entangled in his huge bushy whiskers, the superfluity gliding down with the plate made a lodgment in the bosom, and the manifold convolutions of the frill that stuck out prominently in front. Happily for the duelist the operation of mixing and compounding the plaster had so reduced its temperature that it was not quite scalding hot, and the eyelids had instinctively closed themselves on the approach of the slap dashing application, or those glaring eyeballs would never again have directed a pistol ball at the heart of an enemy.

He was led by the hand to a back porch where, after a minute's washing, the orifices and cavities of his face were cleared of the adhesive mixture, he was able again to see, hear, smell and speak. When he found his organs free, though he still wept blood from the rude contents of the heavy pewter plate, he began to roar out torrents of oaths, imprecations, and threats against the Yankee, who had already begun to feed his hunger upon a second plate of hasty pudding, as if nothing had happened. In spite of the entreaties of the company, the raving bully started up stairs for his pistols, swearing in the most violent manner that he would shoot the offending pedagogue upon the spot.

Presently he was heard on his return, cursing and swearing as violently as ever. "Fly, Bateman, fly," said the company; "he will shoot you." "I guess not," said the Yankee, "but I may have to soften his manners with something harder than hasty pudding." So saying, he picked up a heavy fire shovel at the hearth, and posted himself behind the door by which Bickerton had to enter.

While some were endeavoring to dissuade the furious bully from his purpose, the Yankee said to those in the room with him: "tell him to challenge me; I will meet him in the field of honor." When this message was first delivered to the duelist, he only raved and swore the more fiercely, and demanded an immediate access to the insolent pedagogue, that he might drive a bullet through his heart. He was first gradually reduced to reason, however, by the argument of a lawyer in the company, who told him if he killed the Yankee now, he would be liable to the punishment of a murderer, but that he might shoot him in the field of honor without getting himself into the fangs of the law. The duelist felt the force of the argument; for in those days an honorable gentleman, in a fine coat and ruffled shirt was in some danger of being hanged for wilful murder. Now, only the fireless and beggarly murderers are liable to the gallows. But then, as now, the murderers in a duel had nothing to fear from the law, but might be raised to the highest honors by the popular favor. Therefore, Bickerton, believing that he could satiate his malice as certainly in a duel as by instant assassination, returned to his room and penned a challenge in due form, according to the code of honor. Bateman promptly accepted it, to the dismay of his friends, who now looked upon him as no better than a dead man. He had the right as the challenged party, to prescribe the terms of fight. They were to meet on the next day at the great Indian mound, about half a mile from the town, in a dense forest; they were to have no seconds, but were to stand ten yards apart, and either of them might fire at pleasure after calling to the other, "Stop, take care of yourself."

Their friends might stand fifty yards off to see that those terms were duly observed; but were not to interfere unless they were violated. Nearly every one wished the Yankee success, but expected only to see him killed at the first fire.

So, on the next day, at the appointed hour, the redoubtable Major strutted forth to the field of honor, with a well charged brace of pistols wrapped up in a handkerchief and stuck under his left arm. When in sight of the mound, he cast his eyes about in search of his adversary; but no Yankee appeared. He moved slowly onward keeping a sharp lookout for his man, and flicking his lips in preparation for the expected feast of blood. The forest was always deep husky with shade in that place,

and the morning fog still lingered in its dark recesses. When he got so near the mound as to see it and the trees about it distinctly, he was certain that the school master had not yet arrived, and began, with feelings of disappointed rage to curse him aloud for a cowardly knave, a base paltoont, and a chicken-hearted, white-livered pedagogue.

He was pouring forth these imprecations and lengthening them with all the choicest terms in the vocabulary of honorable bullies when he was suddenly checked in his mad career by an unexpected phenomenon. On reaching an open lot near the mound, he struck across the path; and at the same instant a voice of thunder smote his ears with the words, "Stop, take care of yourself." He did stop in great surprise, and looked towards the place from whence the voice had come, but he saw only the huge trunk of a tree that stood by the mound, ten yards from the pole at which he stopped. He had no time for deliberation; the voice thundered again, "Take care of yourself, I'll blow your brains out!" and now he saw distinctly the muzzle of a blunderbuss pointed towards him from behind the tree, and the Yankee's eye at the butt, taking aim, while the tree concealed his body. The duelist was so taken off his guard, that he stood confounded for an instant; but as the expected shot did not come, he began to fumble under his arm for his pistols; but he had no sooner begun to unwrap them than the Yankee called out in the most decided tone, "Drop your pistols or I'll shoot you!" The bully hesitated. "Drop 'em, I tell you, or I'll blow nine buckshot into you as soon as I count three; min I now, one, two, thr—" He had cocked his musket and taken what the duelist saw, a sure aim. Before the word three was fully pronounced, the handkerchief containing the pistols fell to the ground, whether by accident or a paralysis of the duelist's nerves, or an act of his will, we shall not undertake to say; however, the pistols fell.

"Now," said the Yankee, stepping out from behind the tree, with his finger still on the trigger, but the wide muzzle of the firelock elevated at an angle of thirty degrees,—"you have but one way to save your life. Right about face!" The duelist began to remonstrate. "Face about, I tell you, or I'll drive a load of buckshot through you; and he began to level his musket as he advanced upon his adversary. The duelist faced about like a soldier. "Very well; forward march!"—march! I tell you—straight to home, or tarnation seize me, if I don't riddle you with buckshot, before I can count three—one, two—the duelist did not wait for the next word; the angry voice was close behind him, and the deep-mouthed blunderbuss within two yards of his back. He began to march with slow, halting steps, different from his usual strut. The Yankee followed with all gravity. The line of march was pursued without intermission; for whenever the duelist attempted to halt or speak, the angry voice of the Yankee drove him on with the threat of buckshot.

"Yankee doodle came to town,
To buy a keg of brandy."

"Mind your steps there, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Yankee doodle dandy."

Now it happened to be muster day for a battalion of militia, and the streets were filled up with all sorts of people from the country. When the crowd saw the terrible duelist with thunder and lightning in his face, walking along before the dry visaged school master, and the master of a large musket, solemnly chanting "Yankee Doodle," and marching as coolly as if he drove an ox-cart, they gathered themselves about the man with wonder and curiosity, to see what these things meant. When the bully reached the tavern door, hundreds had assembled. Mounting the platform before the door, he turned to address his indignant remonstrance to the multitude. Eerie out, he could utter a word the Yankee cried out, "Halt! Face to the left and tell the people what a Yankee trick I have played you."

"Yes," roared out Bickerton, glad to vent his raging indignation—derogatory, dishonorable, ungentlemanly advantage! Fellow citizens, I appeal to you and the laws of honor. This respectable pedagogue had the audacious temerity, intolerable insolence last night, to disengage into my face—yes, my fellow citizens, the foul and slimy ingredients of his supper; I would have punished him instantly, but for the intercession of the company. But to vindicate my outraged honor, I condescended to demand of him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and he, with most knavish designs, accepted my cartel.

"This morning at the appointed hour, I repaired to the field of honor, equipped as gentlemen usually are for honorable combat. When I arrived at the place, the dastardly paltoont was invisibly concealed behind a giant son of the forest, armed with a musket enormously charged with nine

buckshot, and before we had measured the ground or taken our positions, or the skulking dastard showed his person, he presented his musket and threatened to shoot me if I did not drop my pistols, and return to town. In attempting to unwrap my pistols they slipped out of my hands, and thus I was exposed to the deadly attack of this pedagogical paltoont with his dishonorable musket charged with an enormous quantity of buckshot, I turned indignantly upon this contemptible attempt at assassination, and returned home—that I might on a subsequent occasion vindicate my outraged honor and in public and ostensible conflict inflict a lacerating flagellation upon the pedagogical author of this outrageous violation of the code of honor, heretofore invariably observed by all who are entitled to the honorable appellation of gentleman."

When the duelist had concluded his speech Jedediah soberly replied in these words:—"Fellow citizens: I long bore with patience the unprovoked derision and insults of this professed duelist. Last night he assailed me at the supper table with the most wanton abuse, which I parried with nothing but jests, until he threw a case knife at my head; I then returned the compliment by dashing my plate of hasty pudding and molasses in his face. For this he challenged me to fight a duel. I accepted the challenge upon these conditions and no others, that we were to stand ten yards apart, without seconds, and each of us might fire at pleasure, after calling out, 'Stop, take care of yourself.' Nothing was said about the sort of arms; he chose his favorite pistol—I preferred this musket. I stood behind a tree till he came to the mark I had set, just ten yards off; I then called out to him, 'Stop, take care.' I had then a right, by the terms, to fire; but I left it to his choice either to take nine buckshot from my gun or to drop his pistols and march back to town. He wisely chose the latter, and you all bear witness that I brought him from the field of honor safe and sound, and that is more than he would have done for me if I had been in his place and he in mine. And now, to show that I meant to take no unfair advantage, I will change situations with him before you all. I will take his pistols and he shall take my blunderbuss, and place himself in my situation and position. He shall stand ten yards off and fire at pleasure, after calling out, 'Stop, take care.' It was acknowledged by all the company present to be a fair proposition, and the duelist accepted the terms of the school master."

The ground was measured and the combatants took their respective stations. The Yankee threw the blunderbuss at the feet of the duelist, who very coolly picked it up, imagining that in a very few moments he should retrieve his honor, by driving the nine buckshot into the body of his antagonist. The word was given, and the duelist instantly raised his blunderbuss and taking sure aim, pulled the trigger. "Snap" went the lock, but the gun missed fire. "Try it again," says the Yankee. The duelist gritted his teeth as he cocked it the second time. Again he pulled the trigger. "Snap," went the old rusty musket, with a duller sound than before. Now a phenomenon occurred. The wooden face of the Yankee was for once brought into a smile, and some affirmed that he laughed, though others thought that to be impossible. But the enraged bully began to "smell the rat." He examined the capacious pan of the old firelock. He found nothing but yellow snuff. He hastily turned the muzzle to his mouth and blew into it. The air whistled through the touch hole; the old musket was not charged; the nine buckshot were imaginary. He threw down the harmless old iron with a yell of blasphemy, and ran up to his room, while shouts of laughter convulsed the assembled multitude.

Half an hour afterward, the chop-fallen duelist, was seen on his horse, trying to steal out of town by a back lane. He was pursued by hundreds, with claps and shouts of derision, till he galloped out of sight.

The people of that town never again saw the face of Major Alonzo Bickerton the duelist.

"Whither he went, and how he fared,
Nobody knew—and nobody cared."

LORENZO DOW.—On one occasion he took the liberty, while preaching, to denounce a rich man in the community recently deceased. The result was an arrest, a trial for slander, and an imprisonment in the county jail. After Lorenzo got out of limbo," he announced that, in spite of his (in his opinion) unjust punishment he should preach at a given time, a sermon about "another rich man." The populace was greatly excited, and a crowded house greeted his appearance. With great solemnity he opened the Bible, and read, "And there was another rich man who died and went to—," then stopped short, and seemed to be impressed; he continued, "Brethren, I shall not mention, where this rich man went to, for fear he has some relatives in this congregation who will sue me for defamation of character." The effect on the assembled multitude was irresistible, and he made the impression permanent by taking another text, and never alluding to the subject again.

Political Discourse.

"My Brethren! We are told somewhere—I needn't be particular where—that the psalmist of old could play on a harp of a thousand strings, ah—but, my Brethren, in these days of gitting down stairs from grace, a Samist ain't expected to do more than spread himself on a single string, ah. Therefore, my Brethren, ah, let us give ourselves no uneasiness about the nine hundred and ninety-nine that we can't handle, ah, but let us unite in 'playing upon a harp of a single string, spirits of white men made black, ah.'"

"My Brethren! As we came stringing along into this Convention, like pack-mules crossing the Isthmus, I thought to myself that each one of us might have a string of his own to pull, and that may be many of us might have several strings in his bows, ah. I hope I hurt no man's feelings in this discourse, ah. My motto always is to tell the truth and shame the devil, ah—an institution of sin and wickedness who is always roaming about like a roaring lion seeking where he can kill somebody, ah. But, my Brethren, now that politics and religion have got so mixed up that you can't tell one from the other, I think it would be good for us to let go all holds, except one, and go our Billy best 'upon a harp of a single string, spirits of white men made black, ah.'"

"My Brethren! There is a great many kinds of strings in this world, ah—First, there is the lute string hung out, and the lute string pulled in, ah. Then there is the fiddle string, (and a very wicked string it is, my Brethren,) and the bag string, and the pudding string, which some pious souls consider the proof of pudding, ah! And then there is string beans, and that audacious varmint, Stringfellow, ah—but, my Brethren, to return to the discourse, let me impress upon you the popularity of 'playing upon a harp of a single string, spirits of white men made black, ah.'"

"My Brethren! I suppose you all have heard of a religious society called the Know-Nothings, ah. Well, my Brethren although I say it who shouldn't, I've always been one of 'em—but, my hearers, I now feel to believe that that string won't do to tie to, ah—for it is liable to break in the middle and let us fall several ways for Sunday, ah. No, my Brethren, though Sam, at the outset, gave promise of immortality and salvation, yet in these latter days this 'son of the sires,' he is seen to stray off, ah, far beyond the travels of the prodigal son, and if we don't look out the fatted calf will grow to be a bullock before he comes back again, ah. Therefore, my Brethren, let us take to our human bosoms the sweet-scented fume of Samba, that dark colored emblem of equality, ah—and let us 'play upon a harp of a single string, spirits of white men made black, ah.'"

"My Brethren! We shouldn't be ashamed or afraid to own our color, ah. It is a very wicked thing indeed to turn up the human snout at the works of nature, ah. Who cares for color in a dog fight? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, ah. What, then, if we do fool the foreigners? What, if we do kiss the nigger babies, ah? The Egyptian mummies, who have been mummied these thousand years, are none the worse or wiser now for anything they did while in the flesh, ah. It will be the same with us, my Brethren, in the lapse of a few centuries, ah. When Gabriel shall blow his trumpet, ah—when the moon shall turn to blood, ah—when the sky shall be rolled back as a scroll, and all nature shall be done up in a rag, ah, then the kissing of a few innocent little niggers, and the running away of a few black ones, will come back as a sweet smelling savor, and give us a lick forward towards Jordan, ah."

"My Brethren! There is another string which we have all been pulling at for let these many years, ah, but which, in the language of one of our great guns, we must now 'let slide,' ah—I mean, my Brethren, that pious piece of tow twist called Temperance, Liquor, my Brethren, has color as well as twang, ah. We can't run niggers through the under-ground railroad, unless we also say to liquor, 'let it run,' ah. 'Spirits of white men made black—Spirits of liquor made free'—these must be our sentiments, ah. We can't oppose the laws of our government and aid the insurrection in Kansas, unless we set the example at home of spitting upon our Maine Liquor Law. We must be consistent, ah. I confess that I have been a great temperance man, and that I have been pulling the temperance string for let these many years, ah, going around like a thief in the night and prying into the affairs of my neighbors, and every now and then jerking them up with a round turn for violating the whiskey law, ah—but, my Brethren, I have found that the business don't pay, ah, and for the balance of my days I'm going to play on a harp of a single string, niggerism triumphant forever, ah!"